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Under The Bed



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Chapter 1 by Elizabeth

December 2, 1960

My new house, my new bed, MY NEW ROOM! But my first night was last night and it was scary has heck. I heard noises under my bed and it sounded like a baby crying. It was kind of like a soft cry from a baby so it was freaky. Uh, I hear something. It's coming! I have to go. I'll update tonight!

Chapter 2 by Mia



No it couldn't have been. Under the bed. But I was sure. It was the way to Narlia.

Chapter 3 by intellikat



Narlia was some kind of nightmarish-netherworld where all the rejected, lost, malformed, and murdered babies went. It was obviously a terrifyingly hideous place, full of screaming demon-babies crawling along something like volcanic rock, with sulphurous lava dripping from the walls, dim lighting as if the power bills hadn't been paid, intense heat, etc.

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this hellish nursery of a plane of non-existence with a babied fist, controlling the flow of rotten breast milk pumped from the spirits of mothers whom the demons of this world had seduced into their depths and chained with fiery iron manacles to the blistering walls.

How did I know all of this?

AskJeeves.com.

Anyway. It appeared that one of the entrances to Narlia was below my new bed.

So I decided to go down there and HAVE AN ADVENTURE.

Chapter 4 by antidevil



December 8th, 1960.

I was wondering how many days it had been. To keep track, I've been putting the little bodies on a stick, like a kabob. One for each time the enormous, cherubic-faced sun rises and scowls at me. It scowls all day. It scowls when it rises, and it scowls when it sets. Always at me. It whispers, "Marlok, Marlok!", on what I guess would be the hour. It's been five days, for five bodies.

The assorted jars of baby food I find keep me sustained, but they are rotten, and usually, they are split pea. I hate split pea. I will take chicken and apple. I would even enjoy a blueberry and banana-- imagine! What a delight, blueberries and bananas! I would really just clean the whole thing out with my tongue. Speaking of tongues, I think the food here is making mine weird and long. I may also be growing a third eye, but wherever it is, it's under my clothes. I'm a little too scared to check.

The chief of the Frost Babies, Kirechalk, has sent messenger babies along the kid-safe, padded flooring roads I've found. They stretch into the horizon. The messengers are fast babies, and they have many legs, with many little toes. More piggies than any market could handle, probably. I watched a large, slower baby stand on the road, and these speedier babies flew

through the big one like a bullet. The explosion was immediate, and it was wet, and it was red. Chunks of a big, fat baby rained down.

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